Over the restlessness of human things, And stills awhile the tumult of the day.

We were together not two hours ago, Playing our parts before the world's great show, Saying the words set down for us to say.

are we nearer now than we have been, ugh the long streets lit silently between, ough all the world should stretch between two. Think of me, dearest, not as I was then-that was a worldly woman among men: This is a lonely woman who loves you.

BELOW THE SALT.

CHAPTER I.

The Vicar's wife had been ill and was ordered away by her doctor.
With some reluctance, Mrs. Keston consented to visit her husband's sister in the South, whither the Farringdon family fled each winter from the bleak winds and sea fogs of Lyttelton-

Leas.

The sisters-in-law had nothing in common but weak lungs and a great love for the Rev. James Kesten—sibeit Mrs. Farringdon's fashion of showing her sisterly tenderness was open to cer-

'Well, I'm glad," her hostess announced the "Well, I'm glad," her hostess announced the morning after Mrs. Keston's arrival, "very glad you've discovered at last that you can leave James for a few weeks without dire disaster."

This touched an old bone of contention.
"Nothing would have induced me to leave him," said the Vicar's wife, "if it weren't for Anne Carter's being there."
"Oh you like your new servant?"

"Oh, you like your new servant?"
"She's a priceless treasure. I never left home
my life before with an easy mind."
"She must be about fifty now."

Anne. She was parlormaid, you know, at the old place in Suffolk when I was a child."
"So James said. I'd forgotten you ever saw

She used to be curiously handsome.

"She used to be curiously handsome."

"She's simply one of the most distinguished-looking women I ever saw."

"Well, that I look upon as unnecessary."

"Very tall and slight, and dresses in an unvarying black habit, that somehow makes one think of a Mother Superior. Then her grave, beautiful face."

"Well, she's like a creature cut out of ivory now, and has masses of silver hair parted in the middle, which, by-the-way, she refuses to cover up with a cap."

"Vain old thing!"

"Not av all—it's because a cap is a badge of serviced."

'And you give in to such nonsense?"

"My dear, you'd give in to more than that for such a creature"
"No, I wouldn't put up with airs. I wouldn't have a servant of mine mistaken for a member of the form!"

of the family." Mrs. Keston smiled. Have you heard that's what happens at the

"I'm not surprised. She has the manners and e instincts of a gentlewoman."
"Most unsuitable, if it were true."

"You don't believe me?"
"I believe you think so."
"Well, when you see her again you'll understand. You'll wonder, too, where she got that

'No. I shall remember that she's a servant of

the servant class, and"—
"And you'll be even more surprised than we were at her English." "Well. I dare say I'd find it easier to have faith in the excellence of my servants' hearts than

in their grammar."
"Anne speaks like a person of education." "I suppose it comes partly from her refusing "Really

to associate with persons of her own class, and partly from reading Milton and the Bible." admit"-Mrs. Keston spread her hands

apologetically—"I admit, that in those first days, when I came across her reading 'Paradise Lost' over her tea. I had my doubts as to her practical usefulness." "I shouldn't have had doubts." Mrs. Farring-

don was emphatic.

"James said it was an unworthy prejudice."

"Of course, that's part of James's broadmindedness."

mindedness."
"That the poor woman liked good literature was no reason she couldn't sweep a room."
"I should have been afraid it would be a reason

"I should have been afraid it would be a reason for leaving dust in the corners."

"No, she was immaculate. James was right. But I had my revence when he offered to lend her some light reading for winter evenings."

"Did she ask for Shakespeare?"

"No, she disapproves of plays. She thanked James in that beautiful, quiet way of hers, and said it was some years since she had read Fox's 'Book of Mai yrs' or the 'History of the Reformation,' and she would be obliged"—

Mrs. Farringdon interrupted with a laugh. Mrs. Farringdon interrupted Mrs. Keston's rather solemn face re-

"We hadn't any martyrs in the house," she went on, "and James had to lend her his precious marked and annotated old d'Aubigné that the Bishop had given him when he was a boy."

"James is absurd."

"James is absurd."
The Vicar's wife drew herself up.
"James is perfectly right and perfectly consistent. Anne hadn't been with us three weeks before he saw here was the living justification of

before he saw here was the living justification of his theories."

"Oh, yes. I know. 'All alike in the sight of God"—and that kind of thing."

"Anne Carter was just the sort of person to show up the fundamental absurdity of the old-fashioned relation between master and servant. The former state of things is mediaeval and outworn. It's only possible where the inferiority of the servant is absolute and impregnable. The moment a subordinate becomes a self-respecting being, with the knowledge that he has a soul as precious in the eyes of the Lord at the soul of any other man"—

"The absurdity of the old relation"—Mrs. Farringdon took the words out of her sister-in-law's mouth—" 'the absurdity of the old relation is forced on the least liberal-minded.' How well you've got James by heart."

Mrs. Keston flushed faintly.

"But so have I." Mrs. Farringdon pursued

But so have I," Mrs. Farringdon pursued

'Let's see-it goes on, 'How can a society that

"Except Father Hogan."

"What does Father Hogan know of Anne?"
"Didn't he come to the Vicarage to see about
the new hospital or something?"
"Oh-I remember—but James was out."

"Oh—I remember—but James was out."

"Exactly, but Father Hogan either didn't understand, or thought Carter wasn't telling the truth. 'You just go,' he said, 'and give your master my name.' Carter stared at him coldly. 'I have no master but God,' she said. 'Eh? What?' Father Hogan gasped. 'Oh, then just say I called.' He declares that, as he went down the steps, he heard the woman mutter, 'Aye, many are called, but few are chosen.'

"That's one of Father Hogan's embellishments.

"That's one of Father Hogan's embellishments. But you seem to hear a good deal of what goes on at Lyttelton-Leas.

a-I have a letter from Miss Cardew now "I see! Then there's not much left for me to

Three Musketeers."

"Yes, there is. I want to know about the Three Musketeers."

"Three what?"

"Your three smart young men."

"I haven't got any smart young men."

"Now, now!" Who are the three knights who come to see you every Sunday afternoon?"

"I don't understand you. You know quite well James and I drive over to Lyttleton-Marley every Sunday afternoon—unless one of us is ill."

Sunday afternoon—unless one of us is ill."
"Exactly; and when you are ill. James goes off

"Exactly; and when you are ill, James goes off alone to hold his afternoon service, and you stay at home and receive the Three Musketeers."
"You're dreaming. Miss Cardew's out of her mind if she says—Oh!" Mrs. Keston leaned back her head and laughed. "She means Anne's "What!"

"What!"
"O' course!—and they are fine fellows."
"M; dear," Mrs. Farringdon remonstrated,
"from Jane Cardew's description"—
"Oh, yes, they're a great credit to Anne. Two
of them have something to do with the raffroad,
and one's in a counting-house at Bodley, where
the three live together."
"And come all that distance to spend Sunday
afternoons with their mother?"
"Yes, they're devoted to her."
"Humph!" Mrs. Farringdon seemed to con-

sider this an excess of filial plety in persons of their class. "I fancy," she went on in a moment, "that it's not Jane Cardew, after all, but you, my dear, who foster the popular superstition."

"What superstition?"
"That Anne is some great lady working out a "What nonsense! It is only because people can't get rid of the feudal idea that there's something radically degrading in service. Of course, I know that Anne Carter is a servant the servant class, but that doesn't prevent having the nature as well as the air of a

gentlewoman."
"Well, mark my words!" Mrs. Farringdon stood up, as if to emphasize her final dictum. "You'll be disappointed if you expect Anne to live up to any such standard. It isn't in her

blood."

"How do you know she hasn't more virtue in her blood than we?" Mrs. Keston spoke excitedly.

"Virtue she may have, but servility, too, and 'servant' proclivities—just as we have the natural tendencies of the dominant class."

"You don't know Anne Carter."

"But I do know that you can't wipe out the habit of generations by a little education. Just wait! Before you've done with her, Anne will vindicate the servant soul you say she hasn't got." "You mean three, don't you?" the Vicar interrupted himself.

"No, four. They will all be here to-morrow." She lay back on her pillow and pressed her crossed hands over her chest. But if she was in pain, her face kept the secret. "I must tell you," she whispered. "My husband and I worked and saved in spite of bad luck, and gave the three eldest what schooling we could. When my husband died, little David was ten. I couldn't have carried on the farm without the boys, so I let it." (She stopped and panted a moment.) "But we couldn't manage little David's schooling unless I went back into serv"—her voice had sunk almost beyond hearing. "I mean," she said sharply, with sudden life, "unless I took a situa-

CHAPTER II.

During the ten years that followed when the Farringdons came back to their summer haunts near Lyttleton-Leas, the Vicar's wife used sometimes to recall to the Vicar's sister their first encounter about Anne Carter. And never with-out triumphant commentary on the intervening years. Anne was literally unchanged. Having, at about fifty, reached the limit of the refining and etherealizing possibilities of advancing age, she stopped short and never thereafter grew a day older. Not so her employers. The Vicar's she stopped short and never thereafter grew a day older. Not so her employers. The Vicar's health failed, and failed so conspicuously at the end of that quiet decade that he was induced to give up the chapel-of-ease at Lyttleton-Marley. No one noticed that, about the same time, he gave up preaching privately against the vulgar and most unsound notion that manual labor and domestic service had in them anything of degradation. And he had less to say about the fine object-lesson of Anne Carter's proud and simple life.

simple life.

The summer that year had been cold and rainy. There was a good deal of sickness about. One dripping afternoon in July, Anne protested against Mrs. Keston's going to the usual Friday round among the parisn poor. While the Vicar's wife was saying feebly "No-no," she wouldn't "get into the habit of staying in for the weather." Anne had put on her plain and stately garer," Anne had put on her plain and stately gar-ments, and was on her way with Mrs. Keston's soups and jellies to their well-known destina-

It was not the first time, nor yet the second, that she had undertaken this office in inclement weather. But that evening she came back with weather. But that evening she came back with a cough and a chill. The next morning she dragged through her work looking like a ghost, and the next afternoon she retired to her own room, unlooked a rarely opened drawer, took out certain articles of linen, laid them across the footboard, undressed, and betook herself to bed. Anne Carter was very ill.

There was consternation in the Vicar's house-

There was consternation in the Vicar's household. Everybody there had been ill some time in that ten years, except Anne. She had nursed them all, and half the village as well, and now

this rock of steadfast endurance, this pillar of the house and parish, was stricken down. The doctor thought the gravity of the case should be made known to the woman's family.
"I'm glad this is Sunday," said Mrs. Keston
the next day, standing at the foot of Anne's bed.
"Your sons will be here this afternoon, I sup-

ose?"
"No," said the sick woman feebly.
"Why, I thought they always came,"
"Yes—only to-day"—
"Why not to-day?"

"They've got leave—gone to Didsbury."
"All of them?"
"Yes."

"I'm sorry for that. Don't you think—of course this may be nothing but a cold?"—
"Nothing but?"— The woman closed her eyes an instant, as if to keep to herself any exession of suffering they might betray. "This," e went on, opening them again with recovered renity, "this is nothing but pleurisy." "Has the doctor told you so?" asked Mrs. Kes-

"Oh, of course you know the symptoms. I ought to be the last to forget you have nursed me through two attacks since you've been with

Anne looked through Mrs. Keston into space.
"I shan't have two attacks," she said, without expression.
"Are you alarmed about yourself?" Mrs. Keston's voice faltered a little

"No," said the woman rigidly.
"Still, I think your sons ought to come and see you. They oughtn't to be so far away as Didsbury."

"I've sent for them."
"Ah, I'm glad! When will they come?"

"In time—in time."

"The doctor's manner has frightened you"—
Mrs. Keston felt the tears rising—"but you
mustn't give up hope, you know."

"I have something better than hope."

"I know—that my Redeemer liveth." This, from the point of view of physical health,

This, from the point of view of physical health, was vague.

"Does she actually realize that she can't get well?" thought the Vicar's wife, looking at the immobile face and steady eyes. As she moved away from the bed, with that sense of baffled kindness that Anne so often gave her, Mrs. Keston knocked down the clean linen that hung was the feathered. over the footboard.

over the footboard.

"Never mind," said Anne, weakly, as the Vicar's wife stooped to pick up the things.

"If these are airing," said the lady, "they'd better be by the fire." They won't need airing," observed Anne im-

fortitude."

They paused a moment near the top of the hill, to look back at the little burying-ground. The villagers had scattered, only the four young men were left there sentinel-like by the new passively.

As Mrs. Keston took hold of a great piece of linen, it slipped out of its folds and fell voluminously along the floor. The Vicar's wife looked across its snowy whiteness to the white face of

he woman.
"What do you use this for?"
"I haven't used it yet," said Anne. There was

a pause.
"You don't mean"— began Mrs Keston

as she lived."

"Well-a"—responded the Vicar with a kind of slow embarrassment, "I wouldn't force that point. We all recognized she had excellent qualities."

"James!" Mrs. Keston stopped short again. "How grudgingly you speak."

"No-a-no." said the Vicar absently, looking at the sunset through the trees, "she was a remarkable person in her way."

"You don't speak of her as you used to." Mrs. Keston's tone was almost an attack.

The Vicar looked away from the painted west and back at the little burying-ground below. Already it lay in shadow, and the sentinel sons were gone. "You don't mean"— began Mrs Keston.
"Yes—the old way is the best. Fashlons change so," said Anne Carter.
Mrs. Keston folded up the winding sheet with a chill creeping down her spine.
"Yes," she said stupidly, just to break the gravelike stillness with a human sound—"a—ves."

Yes." echoed Anne with her steadfast Mrs. Keston had assisted at many a deathbed, yet she went downstairs a good deal shaken. She was conscious, too, that her emotion was not all due to her very real sorrow at the prospect of losing Anne. Under the unusual stress of feeling, she found courage to penetrate to her backerde severtum, where not even she as a "As I told you, James is consistent. I try to be consistent, too."

"And so you are, my dear. And so am I. I don't hold these exalted views."

"You are a professing Christian."

"Ah—yes. So, I understand, is the Bishop."

The Viear's wif's bent over crochet work. How had James Keston happened to have such a sister! But because it had "happened" she must be borne with, and, if possible, converted to a broader humanity.

"Seriously," Mrs. Keston said presently, with recovered good hurzor, "you can't think what a difference Anne's coming has made to us. There is nothing she can't do, and there's nothing she doesn't do well. You've heard how she's nursed me for the last six weeks—and she's taken up all the poor and sick visiting while I'm away. Every one in Lyttelton-Leas has the very highest opinion of her."

"Execut Father Hoggs."

Mrs. Keston had assisted at many a deathbed, yet she went downstairs a good deal shaken. She was conscious, too, that her emotion was not all due to her very real sorrow at the prospect of losing Anne. Under the unusual stress of feeling, she found courage to penetrate to her husband's sanctum, where not even she, as a rule, dared follow him. But she explained: Anne Carter was dying and knew she was dying. He must go and administer spiritual consolation.

The Vicar put down his quill and pushed back his pile of sermon paper with marked reluctance. "Dear." said his wife nervously, "do make haste. She takes it in a strange, terrible way."

"No—no. Only so quiet—so"—

"No—no. Dreadfuly conscious of everything and—only the control of the control of

"Ah, numbed?"

"No. Dreadfuly conscious of everything and—
Oh, I don't know, do go and comfort her."

"Comfort her"—the Vicar repeated to himself as he slowly mounted the stair—"Comfort."

Any one who knew him would have thought him singularly ill at ease, but he knocked at the door and went in. The little maidservant, who was sitting by the bed, got up and came out. The Vicar took her chair.

"I hope you are not suffering much."

Anne tightened her pale lips an almost imperceptible instant. "Of course you had."
"Especially when after a while I'd find them back in their old places."
"You see! "Why. I think I remember one of those times. You asked me about it. I told you then you'd simply overlooked it."
"So I imagined, till one of my missing Mosheims turned up with a great coffee stain on the front page."

perceptible instant.

"Thank you," she said.
"Is there anything we can do for you be-"No, thank you," she interrupted, in a weak

voice.
"I mustn't let you talk," he said. "Suppose we read a little." He pulled a small prayerbook out of his pocket.
"No," she repeated, "no, thank you."

"No," she repeated, no, thank you be replexity.

The Vicar looked at her in some perplexity.

"Are you feeling worse? Shall I ring?"

"The bells in this room can't be rung here."

She looked up sternly at the row of dangling tyrants. "But I've taken some of my own medicine," she went on. "I'm easier."

"The results of the results of t

"Then wouldn't you like me to-a".
lifted up the worn red prayer-book. He stared at her over the open page. "I haven't minded coming to morning prayers when I'm well," said the woman, "but when I'm dying I must have my own minister."

"Your own minister?" repeated the Vicar, "Yes. I didn't want to hurt anybody's feel-ings by mentioning it before—but I'm a Wesley-

"Ah! Really! H'm—Really! But even so"—
"No, I don't believe in those prayers." She
looked sternly at the old red prayer-book.
"Oh!" said the Vicar, somewhat abashed.
"Then shan't we send for a minister of your own "I've done that."
"Ah! H'm! When do you expect him?"

as she was. 'I—I just came in to—shut the window—in case of rain,' she stammered. 'Oh,' I said, 'I don't remember leaving it open.' 'Y-yes, sir,' she said. She never said 'Sir' to me before. "I see. And there's nothing we can do for you meanwhile." He got up, slipping the despised prayer-book into his coat-pocket.

"Perhaps—just to be on the safe side." Anne drew herself up a little on one elbow, and pulled out a long envelope from under the pillow. "If you understand such things," she said dubiously. "My eldest son does—but the train might be delayed." She dropped back on the pillow. The Vicar unfolded the paper. "Your will?" "Could you read it out?" she said, in a whisper.

changed, and-you'll see." She propped herself up again, and leaned over the small table at the

"No. If you'll just go on reading." She poured out a teaspoonful of medicine, and swallowed it

The Vicar read on. The document devised and bequeathed her husband's little farm to her

"You mean three, don't you?" the Vicar in-

almost beyond hearing. "I mean," she said sharply, with sudden life, "unless I took a situa-

"I see," said the Vicar.
"And what with the rent and my—salary, little David has got through his studies" (her face lit up), "was recommended at the Quarterly Circuit

for everything.

"You are able to face the great change with a

blessed faith," said the Vicar. The woman nodded feebly. He rose, "And you have better reason than most people to hope to hear on the other side—Well done, good and faithful ser-

"H'm-yes-yes-," said the Vicar, without en-

These are they which came out of great

The stone which the builders rejected, the

"He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he bath sent away empty." The Vicar went on downstairs.

The Vicar went on downstairs.
"I hope you comforted the poor old creature," said Mrs. Keston. And her kind heart was troubled at her husband's unsympathetic setting forth of his discovery of "Little David."

CHAPTER III.

The following Friday the Vicar and his wife walked slowly home from the Dissenters' Burlal Ground, where they had left Anne Carter under her coverlid of damp black soil, with her stalwart sons, two at the head and two at the foot

of her narrow bed.

Mrs. Keston had been weeping. "James," sne said, when they had gone a short distance, "the way she faced death was a credit to poor hu-

anity."
"Yes," said the Vicar, "she showed admirable

There was something antique in the splendid

w that she's dead, perhaps I ought to tell

ou," he said, "for there's a lesson in it."
"Tell me what?"
"You know how fidgetty I've been all my life

out any one's gaing into my study?"
"Dear me, yes—and the pig-sty it's been."
"Well, a year or so after Anne came to us—
m"— He cleared his throat as though regret-

ting he'd begun.

Mrs. Keston smiled. "Did she dare to give you a surreptitious dusting?" "After she came I began to miss my books."
"Heavens! James. You might as well suspect

me."
"I didn't suspect any one. I thought I'd mis-

"You'd forgotten-it must have been there

always."

"I'm sure it wasn't."

"But you couldn't suppose that Anne"—

"I didn't know what to suppose. I was morbidly afraid of accusing some one wrongfully. It went on for years, off and on. The books always came back. But two years ago, when the fourth volume of 'Wesley's Sernons' came home from an outing, it was a brand new book instead of one like my old set."

"What on earth did you think?"

"That something worse than a coffee stain had

That something worse than a coffee stain had

"No. To tell the truth, I had come to be hor-ribly afraid that, in spite of saying nothing, I should find some one out."
"And you never did find out?" Mrs. Keston's

befallen my fourth volume."
"You didn't say anything."

voice betrayed a lurking relief.

laid them."
"Of course you had."

front page.

self-respect of that woman," said Mrs. Keston.
"I mean your sister to know she died as nobly

be exalted.

made grave.

So I came here.

"four sons."

"Anything I can give you?" said the Vicar.

per.
"Certainly." The Vicar cleared his throat. "'I, Anne Carter, being of sound mind—this was drawn up by a lawyer?"
"My husband's was. This is a copy. Names

She sidied out of the room somehow, hanging her head a little, and looking painfully unlike her usual upright self. When she was gone, I went over and felt the gas stove. The iron was hot. Evidently the flame had only just been turned out. My portfolio of Poranesi Illustrations was lying open on the table. The ash trays, which I never use, had come into service, the top was off my best box of cigars, and one of my tobacco jars had been taken from the shelf and left on the sofa. I sat down beside it, feeling rather dazed. As I did so, my heel touched something under the—curtain—how do you call it—round the sofa."

"Valance," interjected Mrs. Keston, breathless.

"Valance," interjected Mrs. Keston, breathless.
"Was it a man?" "No-a tea tray, laden with cakes and jam, one teacup, and three glasses of brandy and

seltzer."
"Three! The sons!"
"I pushed the tray back and went and opened the window. The geraniums in the flower bed underneath were trampled, and there were footprints in the earth. A good many things became plain as I stood there. I knew that my library had ministered to the intellectual needs of the three musketeers, and that my brandy and my tobacco had helped their mother to keep them out of public houses and bad company. And I began to see how she might feel herself justified in soldling the Egyptians for so godly an end. in spoiling the Egyptians for so godly an end. If she had only stood her ground, and not told me that feeble lie, For the truth, there might be

excuse, there might be unanswerable argument; for the lie, nothing but pity, that the cowardice and servility in the woman's blood should betray even such a nature as hers."

"James, I—I can't believe it." "James, I—I can't believe it."
"My dear, we expected too much. Of course, I
didn't know then what I do now; that most, if
not all the book-borrowing was for 'little David.'
It was for 'little David,' you know, that she put
on the yoke of service again in her old age. I
noticed," Mr. Keston added, as he held open the
vicarage gate for his wife, "I noticed that 'little
David' appeared less moved than any one near
the grave."

up), "was recommended at the Quarterly Circuit meeting, passed by the Synod" (she was radiant now), "and to-day he's preaching his trial sermon." She caught in her breath in ecstasy or pain. "His three elder brothers have gone to Didsbury to hear little David preaching the Gospel of Christ". the grave sald Mrs. Keston, and her voice was heavy with disillusionment. "Yes, I thought little David' didn't seem to care."

She went into the house feeling that she had pel of Christ."

"A preacher"—
"David is a Wesleyan minister." The proud look faded. Her eyes filled suddenly, a strong compression whitened her patient lips. The Vicar realized that he had never seen Anne moved before in all those ten years. "I wouldn't have David see me in a servant's place," she was saying, "except—well—I must just see him once before"— She turned her face to the home to face a bleaker misfortune come home to face a bleaker historium than mere death. She went upstairs to take off her things; but, instead of doing so at once, she walked aimlessly through the upper part of the house, till she came to Anne Carter's room. She opened the door and looked in. Scrupulously—spotlessly clean, as it had been all these ten years. The only beauty, the only color in that here white room came through the slorle winyears. The only beauty, the only color in the bare, white room came through the single window opening on the west. But there was an influence there still, alive, eloquent, imperious, repudiating so sternly Mr. Keston's interpretation of that scene in the study, that his wife bowed her head with humiliation and looked up almost radiant with relief. It wasn't true. Anne wall.

There was silence in the room.

"I couldn't let you know," she said presently, in a steady voice. "I was afraid it would cost me the place. And I had dedicated David to the Lord when he was born. So for his sake I said nothing. For his sake I had to make to myself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness."

"I see." The Vicar accepted his new role without a blush, and went on reading the will.

"It seems to me to be in form-witnessed and acceptable." had simply shielded some one else.

Mrs. Keston had promised the sons that she Mrs. Keston had promised the sons that she would have their mother's belongings packed up and ready to go away early the next morning. With a dim notion of making up for the Vicar's unworthy suspicions, she determined that no one but herself should touch Anne's things. She took off her bonnet and laid it on the bed. The key to Anne's trunk had been found under her pillow. Mrs. Keston turned it in the old-fashioned lock and leaned back the lid. A few winter clothes were laid loosely in the bottom, with squares of camphor. Mrs. Keston lifted the things out to fold them flatter. Underneath was an old lacquered box and a portly bundle labelled "David's Trial Sermons." And there were loose copies of "The Times," apparently taking up room to no thought so," she breathed huskily. "And written to the postoffice to draw out what I there. It will come in time I hope for— """ "Ron," quoted the woman imperturbably, remember that then in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented." "The Times," apparently taking up room to no purpose. Away with them! And what were all these regular-shaped packages underneath the newspapers? The wrapping round one was torn. It was a packet of writing paper bearing the The Vicarage,

thusiasm, edging toward the door.
"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne," Anne Carter went on in a dull, muffied chant:
"What are these which are arrayed in white Extretion-Leas.

Feeling like a thief, Mrs. Keston broke the wrapping on one after another. The last packet had evidently been made up a long while ago. It was stamped with the crest which the Vicar had given up using eight or nine years before. Mrs. Keston dropped or her knees beside the trunk, and turned up the contents feverishly. The en-tire bottom was lined thick with stamped en-yelopes and postcards. She shrank back as if her own belongings burned her. If only it had been an ordinary servant! If only it hadn't been Anne Carter! "These are they which came out of sixth tribulation."

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in His temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"Amen," said the Vicar meekly, and closed the Acor helped him. But he paused with his foot

Amen, said the Vicar meekly, and closed the door behind him. But he paused with his foot on the top stair. Surely Anne was better. Her usually soft low voice was swelling out behind him into a paean of sombre triumph.

"Many that are first shall be last and the last first... Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be availed." T've been looking for you," said a voice. The Vicar stood at the open door. "What's the mat-ter?" He was coming in. Mrs. Keston made an involuntary movement with her hands to prevent his looking into the trunk. But he was prevent his looking into the trunk. But he was already staring down on that varied assortment of all the stationery he had used for the last ten years. He said nothing for some moments. Mrs. Keston had looked away. Presently she was conscious of his stooping and taking up the lacquer box. "Did you ever see this before?" he said.

"The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."

"For He hath regarded the lowliness of His hand-maiden; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts."

"He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek." "I had it when I was a boy. When I put it away in the long cupboard years ago, both the inges were broken."
"Dear, this may be another one. You know how forgetful you are about details."
The Vicar shook his head with the ghost of a

"But she—she may have had some fad about

saving her money in that form. She may have bought them one or two at a time-through all these years."
The Vicar shook his head. "There are only the kinds here that I keep. Penny, half-penny, two-pence-half-penny and six penny ones for tele-

"Oh, why, why didn't she burnal! this hoard!" Mrs. Keston wailed. "She wasn't taken by sur-

"My dear," said the Vicar, "the reason we are taken so much by surprise is that we have supposed the servant code and ours to be the same, posed the servant code and ours to be the same. posed the servant code and ours to be the same. Anne Carter was the product of centuries of servitude. She looked upon these things as her perquisites. Hoarding them was an act so natural to her thrift, and so permissible in her position, that in the great preoccupation of dying she forgot all about it."

"We mustn't let her sons know," Mrs. Keston whispered, hastily piling up the stationery, "We must get all this out of sight." She selzed the lacquer box.

lacquer box.
"No, no," said the Vicar, "leave that. We can't be quite sure about the stamps."—(C. E. Raimond, in the New Review.

REINDEER IN ALASKA. From a Juneau letter in The Chicago Record.

From a Juneau letter in The Chicago Record.

Father Barnum, of the Catholic Mission at the delta of the Yukon, after a visit to the States, is here on his way to his field of labor among the Innuis. The reverend father has spent five years in the far North, travelling, teaching and preaching, winter and summer. Speaking of the introduction of reindeer into Alaska, he made the statement that the Catholics are not considered in their distribution; that the animals all go to Protestant missions. "Why is your Church not put on an equal footing with other denominations?" I asked.

"I know of no reason. All I know is that the Catholics are not getting any favors from the Government."

"Do you think the experiment of introducing relations."

ernment."

"Do you think the experiment of introducing reindeer will succeed?"

"Yes, eventually; but there are obstacles, the most serious of which are the Esquimau docs. The dogs and the reindeer can never live together, and now the dogs have the field. They will kill and ent the deer. The Innuit would not sive up his dogs for anything else. We have been trying to introduce the St. Hernard and other breeds of what we call 'white' dogs, but the same trouble comes in as with the reindeer—the Esquimau curs kill and devour them.

the reindeer—the Esquimau curs kill and devour them.

"They are strange animals, as we are used to regarding dogs, being more like a wolf. They have no such thing as affection in their make-up, but, on the other hand, they are not particularly hostile. When a strange man comes into the camp, they pay no attention to him whatever. They do not hite, neither can they bark, and there is a funny thing in that connection. When they are brought into association with white dogs they try to learn it, and it is the most awkward and discordant attempt at barking that any one ever heard. But they are treachereus," said Father Barnum, with a sigh. "They tolled poor Jack, my St. Bernard, away from the house, and then all jumped on him like a pack of wolves and ate him up, and they will serve the reindeer the same way."

Father Barnum remarked upon the prevalent idea that a reindeer is nearly as large as a horse. "On the contrary," he said, "It is a vicious malevoient little animal, hardiy larger than an ordinary deer, that will sit up on its haunches and strike savagely at a man with its front feet. But there is no doubt about its usefulness and adaptability to the countrry and the requirements of the people." voice betrayed a lurking relief.

"Well, you shall judge. The first Sunday after I gave up Lyttleton-Marley, you remember we went to hear the new incumbent?"

"Yes, but you had a headache, and came home after the anthem."

"Exactly, and left you to make my apologies to my successor. Well, by the time I got to the end of the long drive home I was better. I let myself in and went straight to the study. I heard a commotion as I reached the door, and the sound of a window being shut. When I got in, there was Anne, standing in the middle of the room painfully embarrassed, and the place filled with tobacco smoke."

"Anne—smoke?"

"Wait. I stood still a moment as embarrassed as she was. 'I—I just came in to—shut the

tion, not in the usual way, by material contact with some mover, but solely by means of some unknown and invisible vital force, emanating from the organism of a person placed at a distance? If so, then science has to face a fact far more discon- Slightly imperfect. certing to its calculations than any X-rays. If not, then a satisfactory explanation has to be found for phenomena which have been observed by scientific men of undoubted competence, under circum stances that seem to exclude all possibility of fraud or error. Colonel Albert de Rochas, formerly of the Ecole Polytechnique, of Paris, and now attached to the French Ministry of Public Instruction, has just published the notes taken of such observations, day by day, as they were made, from September 20 to 29 of last year.

The person who uses this supposed force is the famous Eusapia Paladino, who has already been repeatedly under the close and systematic observation of professional men of science, Italian, French, Russian, German and English. She is a peasant woman of Naples, and is now about forty years of age. Her father was killed by brigands when she was a child, which may partly account for a nervous terror with which she is afflicted. When only eight years old she was subject to hallucinations, seeing eyes looking at her from behind walls and bushes. She is of a hysterical disposition, and is a fit sub ject for hypnotism, although she enters into her present trance states of her own accord. When thirteen, she began taking part in Spiritualist séances with much success; but they tired her, and she left off all experiments with her strange powers until she was twenty-two. Then a Spiritualis ced her to undergo a systematic course of observations, and for several years she formed the astonishment of sceptics and the delight of believers as a medium quite out of the usual line. The wonderful things related of this time of her life have nothing to do with the present phenomena, which do not need the intervention of spirits for their explanation. Still, whatever cleverness at sleight of hand she may be supposed to possess, she must have acquired at this time. She has always remained outte ignorant, so far as ordinary education goes, though naturally of good understanding.

The first to examine Eusapia Paladino in the name of positive science was her countryman, the well-known Dr. Lombroso, with other medical authorities on mental derangement and hallucination. In 1891 at Naples, in 1892 at Milan, in 1893 at Naples and Rome, in 1894 at Warsaw, and afterward in France, she occasioned mysterious movements that baffled every effort of scientific men to explain. In August of 1895 she was taken to Cambridge, England, where the phenomna were judged by rules laid down by Mr. Maskelyne, the authority on legerdemain. The whole attention of the observers was centred on one point-to find out if Eusapia freed one of her hands at any time from the control supposed to be constantly exercised over both. Every facility was offered her for doing so if she wished, and it was discovered that she actually profited by the op-CHANCE OF FRAUD EXCLUDED.

The raising of the question of fraud consequent

upon this made it necessary that there should be new observations under circumstances which would render fraud impossible, at least on the part of Eusapia herself. This has been done with such success that the fraud, if there be any, must be attributed to the men of science. The test experi-ments made in France immediately after were carried on with a special view to the criticisms made at Cambridge, in order to get rid of every suspicious condition. Eusapia was quite unaware of the tempest she

had raised. She was brought to a country house of Colonel de Rochas, who had organized a new commission of seven independent men of science, some of whom, like himself, were accustomed to hypnotic experiments, but none of whom had ever had any dealings with Eusapia Paladino. It was 6:30 o'clock in the evening of September 28. Four sets of observations had been made on previous days, beginning always after 8:30 in the evening. No notice had been given either to Eusapia or to the committee that experiments might be made at this hour of the day. She was in her normal wak-ing condition, and there was no sign of the apparent trance which usually accompanies the phesmile.

"No, this was given to me by"— He broke off suddenly and looked on the underside. "There's a letter I scratched on it when I was twenty." "She thought it was an old thing you'd thrown away." Mrs. Keston urged.

Her husband turned abruptly, and looked at the capacious drawers in the old press. "When you go through those you may find other 'old things."

"No, no!" Mrs. Keston's voice was almost a cry. "There's nothing there but Anne's own clothes. James." she added, in a lower voice, getting up hurriedly from off her knees, "let us go downstairs. I—I—think I'll let Marla do the packing."

The Vicar hesitated a moment, and then laid down the box. "Very well," he said. But he took it up again and studied the faded lacquer. "The sure you're mistaken," said his wife. "This box hasn't broken hinges." She took it out of his hands to demonstrate the fact.

"No, the hinges have been mended," he said. But she—she may have had some fad about caries her may have had some fad about caries and may have had some fad about caries and may have had some fad about caries a large petroleum lamp having a thitle over three feet long. On one end of the alirge petroleum lamp having a white so place in the surface of the dalie over three feet long. On one end of the alirge petroleum lamp having a white some place is a large petroleum lamp having a white some place is a large petroleum lamp having a white some place is a large petroleum lamp having a white muslin shade. The whole surface of the table on this provide was placed on the end of an elbowed lever, the motion which set an index hand in motion over a graduated scale. The lowest depression on the scale and wat the end of an elbowed lever, the which comprised an ordinary metal stand, with a surface of the letter weight from the heat of the lamp and the letter weight weight for the letter and a lained brought from the which comprised an ordinary metal stand, nomena. In the drawing-room there was a heavy "No, this was given to me by" — He broke off table, a little over three feet long. On one end of

THE LETTER SCALES MOVE. Eusapla at first endeavored to produce a move-

Eusapla at first endeavored to produce a movement of the pan by holding a single hand some inches above it. This was without result. She then used both hands, one on the right and the other on the left eide of the pan. The fingers of each hand were brought to a point and their extremities held at a distance of one inch and a haif from the pan. The whole attention of the four men was directed to verifying that at no time was there any contact of the litegers with the pan. Eusapla moved her hands lightly up and down. At first this too was without result, but soon the pan oscillated repeatedly up and down, keeping time with the movements of her hands. At last Eusapla quite lowered her hands and the pan descended to the extreme point indicated on the scale, and then remounted. During all this time Eusapla made no movements other than with her hands, and there was absolutely no vibration of the table or jerking of the macrine.

Dr. Dariex, director of the French Annals of Psychical Sciences, now of the prench and he experiment was beggent that is, when he for man and the experiment was beggent that is, when he deter-weigher, whose hands were held directly toward him. Like Eusapla herself, none of the observers was more than one foot distant from the lotter-weigher. For this second trial she asked each of her neighbors, Colonel De Rochas on the left and M. de Gramont on the right, to place a hand on her shoulder. This is in accordance with her idea that force comes to her from others. After a few moments the pan again sank to the end of the scale. All the observers were agreed in their absolute certainty that the fingers of Eusapla at no time came nearer than one inch and a half to the letter-weigher. It was also impossible that a very fine thread or hair should have been adroitly passed by Eusapia from one of her hands to the other above the metal pan, which it might thus have served to lower. She had had no time to prepare for the experiment, which was suing his arms under her own around her waits, and taking her r ment of the pan by holding a single hand some inches above it. This was without result. She then used both hands, one on the right and the other on

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increasing rapidity, until it tumbled over the edge on to the floor.

These experiments are of scientific value, precisely because they are so simple and well defined. Others of a more well and spectral quality were made on other occasions. The essential mystery, however, is the same in all of them. Is it invisible hands that move the objects, or some unknown vital force?

however, is the same in all of them. Is it invisible hands that move the objects, or some unknown vital force?

A few phenomena, which are mysterious under any supposition, have also been subjected to scientific observation in the case of Eusapia. Thus distinct pencil marks were made on the shirt of one observer underneath the outer garments. Another finger, clean so far as could be discerned through careful examination, when passed in full light over a piece of paper traced pencil marks on it five times running. Dr. Richet, like Professors Ledge and Ochorowicz, declares that he has been repeatedly selzed by a well-formed living hand, distinctly felt while he was himself holding both hands with Eusapia. He adds: "That which makes this kind of experiment very instructive, and I my mind absolutely decisive, is that you must admit either a tacitle hallocination, which seems to me absurd, or an ill-timed joke on the part of some one present which it is impossible to suppose; or, finally—and this is the conclusion to which I have come—something like the materialization of a living hand, a conclusion which I accept in despair of any other, and to which I do not resign myself without pain."

It only remains to say that Prafessor Lodge, whe took part in two of the Cambridge scances, has net had his conviction shaken in the validity of the evidence which proves the existence of these abnormal powers in the organism of Eusapia Paladino.

FIGHTING AN ALBATROSS.

THE HERO OF AN ALBERT MEDAL

From The Strand Magazine. From The Strand Magazine.

Most extraordinary are the details of the gallast action for which an Albert medal of the first class was conferred on Thomas Averett Whistier, first mate of the ship Ennerdale, of Liverpool.

Early in the morning of December 17, 1885, when the Ennerdale was rounding Cape Horn, an appentice named Duncan McCallum was sent aloft to loose the skysall. The Ennerdale, I should mention, was one of Messrs. J. D. Newton's Daie Line of steamers.

to loose the skyshil. The Ethercare, I should help tion, was one of Messrs. J. D. Newton's Daie Line of steamers.

Presently, as the captain was descending from the poop, he saw a heavy body strike the main rigging a little above the bulwark, and rebound into the sea. That "heavy body" was McCallum, and the ship being almost under full sail at the time, he was carried rapidly astern.

Immediately after this tragic occurrence, H. & Pochin, an able seaman, leaped overboard atter the apprentice, but the latter sank before Pochis



THOMAS AVERETT WHISTLER.

could reach him. All things considered, the recuer's position was now pretty serious, and fearing lest he should be selzed with cramp before a boat could come to his assistance he halled the ship, asking for a lifebuoy to be thrown to him; at the same moment the master, Captain Gunson, called all hands to man a boat. The first mate, Mr. Whistler, who had been asleep in his berth, ran on deck and heard Pochin's hall. Calling to the boatswain to heave him a lifebuoy, he at once sprang overboard, secured the lifebuoy which was thrown to him, and succeeded in reaching Pochin. This poor man was already on the point of sinking, but with the help of the lifebuoy Whistler was able to keep him up.

Meanwhile, considerable delay had occurred in the dispatch of the boat—for one thing, her lashings had been secured very firmly for the passagings had been secured the her that she capsised, which says much for the popularity of Whistler. The boat was soon righted, however, and dispatched in charge of the third mate and two seamen. All this time the two men in the water were rapidly becoming exhausted, and they had made up their minds to abandon the lifebuoy and strike out side by side for the ship, when they were componented by a new, weird danger.

An immense albatross swept down majestically on Pochin and Whistler, and, after hovering round quite close to their heads, alighted on the water instruments and they had become a little more exhausted. In a few minutes, however, the boat reached the spot, and its crew drew their perishing shipmates out of the water. Directly they were lifted into the boat both men became insensible, and Whistler was delirious for some time afterward. Amazing as it yan seem, the two men had remarkable fact that the attack of this bird concentrally helped to keep their blood in circulation, thereby averting the fatal cramp.

